

A Complaynt agaynst the wicked enemys of Christ in that they haue so tyrannously handled the poore Chrystians.

Elas what grefe is this
vnto all chysten men:
That tirants sti do raine
to worke mischeif agen.

They prosper in the land,
whose practyse late hath bene,
Both to destroy our realme
and Elisabeth our Quene.

How dyd they Tower her
and kept her there in thall,
When they could not charge her
with any cryme at all.

But they beyng thyrsy
woulde fayne haue suckt her bloud,
For u hen thei put her there
they ment hir grace no good

Whiche was the prelates fetche
for why thei stode in awe,
That if her grace did raygne
she woulde reiect ther Lawe.

Wherfore this cursed sorte
dyd geue many a saye,
To take her in a trypp
to make her cleane away.

Such ympes of Sathanys kynde
do stand anv sloysw stylle,
Whiche do supprese all truthe
and do mayntaine al yll.

For they haue spouled this realme
and made it very Poore
They brought in foren power
to Turne vs out of doore.

Suche truteles trees do growe
they spred abrode and stande,
Whose cursed Branches lyue
and do Corrupt the lande.

For when the Olyue trees
and eke the plesaunt Wynes
Did bringe vs forth good frutes
and delectable wynes.

They sharpened theyr Toles
to cut them by the grounde,
That they might springe no more
nor never more be founde.

For sume they brinte with syer
and some agayne they pinde,
And sum they tare and racket
and sum remayne behinde.

Againe this cursed sorte
dyd scrape out of the moulde
The carkes of the dead
and many mo they woulde.

Bycyme had serude theyr turne
according to ther trust,
Lyng Harry and his sunne
had both ben Burnt to duste.

Doth it not nowe appeare
what loue and eke what seale
They had vnto our Kinges
that Rulde our common weale.

Howe dyd they raile on them
in pulpettes every where,
With byle opprobrious termes
and that without all feare.

Alas that suche shoulde lyue
that leke all to destroy,
Suche members woulde be ryd
that do nothinge but noye.

For where they hunt to spoile
ther natures can not seale,
Tyll they haue murdred those
that be the sunnes of peace.

Alas I rye it muche
that suche Pypicked pates
Shoulde be about a Quene
or come within her gates.

Ther counsels be corrupt
for they smial of bloude,
Ther practys be all yll
how can they then be good.

Who can o: will commende
this charite of preistes,
That be suche murtherers
and haue suche blodye systes.

Howe coldly doo they praye
for Elisabeth our quene,
Ther doinges haue ben heard
ther practys haue bene sene.

O cursed sede of Capne
and members of the Deuill
All destitute of grace,
replenished with euyll.

Who loue the name of you,
but suche as ye do brybe,
O ye blinde balam tes
o byle and cursed Trybe.

The infantes in the wombe
haue cause to Curse your sede,
And eke the fathertes
for your accursed dede.

Howe many liue this day
whole parentes ye haue kiude,
And turned ther Children out
into the stretes and silde.

Ther to lyue and pyne
and layd that it was Synne
Cyther to geue them foode
o: els to take them in.

What pitie were it nowe
to tolle and to turne them,
To hewe them in peces
to Broyle and to burne them.

To sicke them from the Croune
to the soules of theyr fete,
To trye ifsuche tormentes
be Plesaunt and swete.

And specially Bonner
the fier woulde fayne rast him,
But burne him it coulde not
his grece woulde so last him.

Wolde god it might trye him
for if that day were come,
Many handes woulde be redy
to geue fyre to his Bum.

That smithfelde might smel him
and here the tyrauntes voice,
That fathertes Children
and infantes might Rejoyce.

Whose fathers and mothers
this tyraunt hath furthered,
To be cruelly burnt
and most shamefully murthered.

O trayterus tyrant
o false perjured Best,
Thy broylinge and burning
is knok en and manifest.

And all thy tyzannes
which thou hast frequented
And also hast practyse,
and lewdly inuented.

How hast thou tried them
with toche and with taper
Burning their handes and feete
to make them to wauer.

Pea how didst thou stock them
o murtherus these,
Ther necke there handes and feete
onlye for their beleif.

Both within thy Cole house
and in the lollers tower,
The poore and simple men
had many a sharpe Wower.

Thzough thy good counseler
Clunnye and John auales,
These are the two rake helles
that brought the all the tales.

How were the poore lodgyd,
how were their bellys fedde,
With hunger and Coulde
and stones to rest ther hed.

Alas what beastes are they
that lurke vnder that wede,
Are they not Raueninge wolues
iudge them by ther deed.

What iniurie were it nowe
to rid those blody bestes,
That seketh frenship now
with monye and with festes.

Now thei haue spouled our realme
they fere and stand in dout,
If briberie helpe them not
then will ther knauery out

But god for his mercy
seale the blody streme,
And graunt that his glory
may florise in our Realme.